

CAMPUS ERIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

Vol. 4

FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1929

No. 13

Resume

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Margaret Diack, Vice-President
Janet Muir, Secretary
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Alumnae Notes

Marty Dupree '28, of Sunbury, Penna., was a recent guest of Virginia Henry.

"Mac" Lomerson '28, of Jersey City, N. J., was a recent guest of Dot Wuchter.

Milly White '26, and Mary Coons '26, attended the Alumnae Banquet at Grey Towers.

Sara Buchanan '27, was a recent visitor at Beaver.

Leona Seamore '27, has been made head dietitian at the Woman's Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.

Sally Herring, of Allentown, Penna., was a recent guest at Beaver.

Pauline Kep '28, and "Mizi" Goodwin '28, were week end visitors at Beaver.

Margaret Soars '27, (formerly) of Philadelphia, was a recent guest of Miss Streeter.

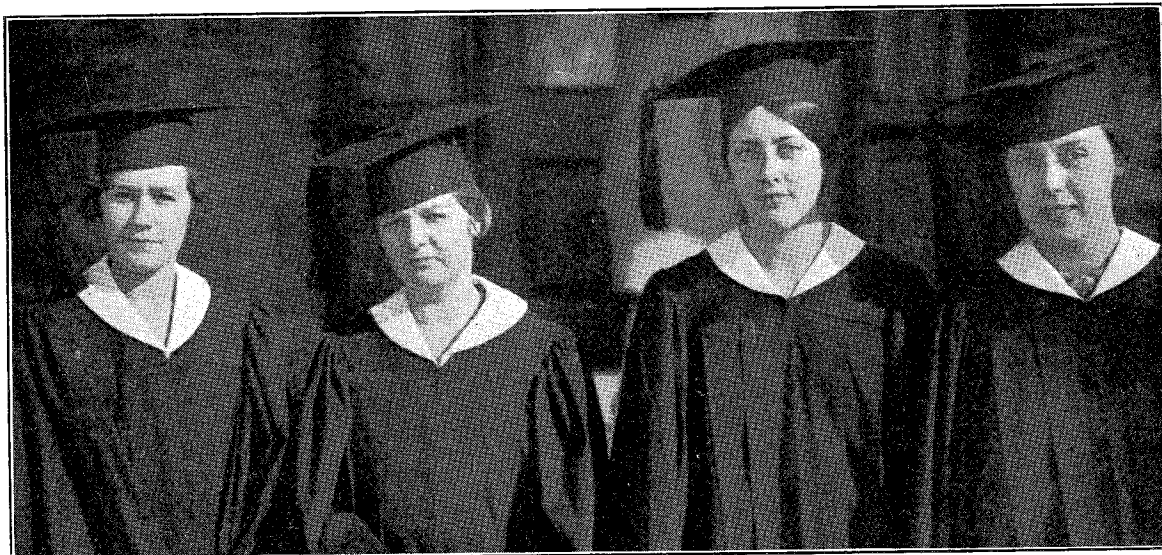
Marjory Murry, of Philadelphia, was a visitor and a guest at the Alumnae Banquet.

Pearle Preuss spent the week end at Beaver.

Alma Espenshade Shalters '27, attended the Alumnae Banquet.

"Sue" Knoderer '27, is at home in Fairfield, Connecticut.

Senior Officers



Left to right—Winona Burtch, President; Elizabeth Matthews, Vice-President; Catherine Hart, Secretary; and Edith Darby, Treasurer.

Tennis Finals

The Beaver Tennis Team has been showing up well this spring. In the last two weeks, out of the five games played, Beaver has won one match, tied two, and lost two. The two defeats were to William and Mary and Ursinus on May 6 and 8. On May 15, Beaver tied New York University on the home courts. Cooke won her singles, Schwartz lost hers; Cooke and Welles won their doubles, and Schwartz and Nagle lost theirs.

On May 16 Beaver played a return match with Moravian and won. Although Nagle and Welles lost the doubles, Cooke and Schwartz both won singles.

The fifth match was played against Ursinus at Ursinus and was a tie. Nance won her singles, Schwartz lost hers; Cooke and Welles lost the doubles, and Schwartz and Nagle won theirs. Nance Cooke, our star, has won all of her single matches so far this season.

Beaver won a decisive victory against Drexel in the tennis match

(Continued on Page 2)

Wilbur to Speak

Honorable Ray Lyman Wilbur, LL. D., the present Secretary of the Interior and president of Stanford University, California, will give the principle address at the dedication of Grey Towers on June 1. The dedication service will be preceded by an academic procession with the Board of Trustees, the Advisory Board, and the faculty in full regalia. Among the other persons of prominence who will take part in the program are: Reverend Walter E. Gordan, D. D., moderator of the Presbytery of Philadelphia; Reverend John Harvey Lee, D. D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Jenkintown; Reverend C. Waldo Cherry, D. D., pastor of the Pine Street Presbyterian Church of Harrisburg; Reverend Harold McAfee Robinson, D. D., representing Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, and Reverend Nevin D. Bartholomew, D. D., pastor of Carmel Presbyterian Church, Glenside. Joseph M. Steele of Philadelphia will present the keys and they will be accepted by Allan Eutherford, President of the Board of Trustees.

Beaver Graduates

Practically every state in the eastern section of the country is represented in the list of 125 graduates of the Class of 1929—the largest in the history of Beaver College. Members of the class include:

Degree of Bachelor of Arts—Rachel Tatem Baker, Glenside, Pa.; Helen Anne Baum, Chambersburg, Pa.; Marie Elizabeth Berry, Felton, Del.; Dorothy Elmira Brevoort, Lodi, N. J.; Anna Margaret Brown, Hartsdale, N. Y.; Winona Wave Burtch, Branchport, N. Y.; Emma Marie Campbell, West Newton, Pa.; Edith Dean Carson, Jenkintown, Pa.; Gertrude Elizabeth Clarke, Cartagena, Colombia; Nancy Cooke, Maplewood, N. J.; Edith Mae Darby, Bound Brook, N. J.; Betty Josephine Davenport, Pottsville, Pa.; Katharine Frances Downs, Bethlehem, Pa.; Janet Ellor, Bloomfield, N. J.; Wilma H. Evans, Plainfield, N. J.; Sarah Marguerite Fox, Wolcott, N. Y.; Susan Mary Gallagher, New Philadelphia, Pa.; Helen Marie Grieco, Bayonne, N. J.; Catharine Virginia Hart, Upper Montclair, N. J.; Sarah Murray Hartley, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Virginia Marie Henry, Trenton, N. J.; Helen Myrtle J. Kent, Rutland, Vt.; Alice Grace Krauss, Nazareth, Pa.; Eleanor Larzelere Krips, Jenkintown, Pa.; Regina Larson, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Pauline G. Leopold, Chicora, Pa.; Pauline Adelaide Lewis, Hagerstown, Md.; Pauline Line, Amenia, N. Y.; Elizabeth Ellen Matthews, East Orange, N. J.; Elizabeth Margaret Mickel, Elizabeth, N. J.; Florence Evelyn Moll, Russell, Pa.; Caroline Coupe Mulholland, West Hartford, Conn.; Libera Nardone, New York City; Jeannette Henry Plummer, Devon, Conn.; Beatrice J. Porch, Mount Pleasant, Pa.; Charlotte Mae Puff, Jenkintown, Pa.; Irene Elder Reid, Lumberton, N. J.; Caroline Marie Schmertz, Atlantic City, N. J.; Gertrude Marie Schwenker, Upper Darby, Pa.; Helen Morgan Smith, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Irene Therese Smith, Leonia, N. J.; Eleanor Morris Tafel, Philadelphia; Eleanor McClain Thorn, Stubenville, Ohio; Helen Bernice Traubman, Elizabeth, N. J.; Gladis Sara Wellgren, Moore, Pa.; Marian Janet Wasley, Kingston, Pa.; Amy

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SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM OF EVENTS

SATURDAY, JUNE 1

9:00 A. M. Meeting of the Board of Trustees.
2:00 P. M. Dedication of Grey Towers.

SUNDAY, JUNE 2

10:30 A. M. Baccalaureate Service.
Sermon by President Walter Burton Greenway, D. D., at Grey Towers.
4:00 P. M. Vesper Service, in Charge of Y. W. C. A.

MONDAY, JUNE 3

9:30 A. M. Track and Field Demonstration, Beechwood Hills Campus.
3:00 P. M. Senior Garden Party, Grey Towers Campus.
7:45 P. M. Concert by Conservatory of Music, Beechwood Hills Chapel.
9:30 P. M. Lantern Chain and Step Singing, Beechwood Hills Campus.

TUESDAY, JUNE 4

10:30 A. M. Class Day Exercises and Planting of the Ivy Beechwood Hills Campus.
1:30 P. M. Fashion Show, Third and Fourth Year Classes Home Economics Department, Beechwood Hills Auditorium.
2:30 P. M. Tea and Novelty Art Exhibit Home Economics Department, Beechwood Hills Auditorium.
7:30 P. M. Senior Play, "Smilin' Through," Beechwood Hills Auditorium.
9:30 P. M. Senior Promenade, Grey Towers.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5

9:30 A. M. Commencement Exercises and Presentation of Murphy Hall Address by Honorable Morgan F. Larson, Governor of New Jersey At Grey Towers Chapel.



CAMPUS CRIER

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FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1929

What the Graduates Are Thinking About

Anent "setting the river on fire"—the graduates of Beaver College are going to do their bit toward turning the waters of the Delaware and others into molten streams. Take for example the aspirations, hopes and aims of the following girls of the second, third and fourth year classes of 1929:

Adelaide Taylor, who this year has run the News department of this same sheet, is going to impress the world with her talent by writing fashion reviews for "Modes and Manners," the Jordan and Marsh publication of Boston.

Another graduate is to follow the fashions in a different way—Janet Smith expects to aid the famous New York designer, Christine Vail, in planning clothes for Irene Bordoni and other notables.

Elsie Olsen is to become a dietitian in her home town high school. Keep the children well and healthy, Elsie. Yours is a very responsible position.

Pete Rutledge will teach Phy. Ed. next year to all the little bright-eyed children of Johnstown grade schools. Don't be rough with them, Pete, they are very young.

Mary Kane, better known as Billy, is going to open a Tea Room in the Dodge House, which she plans to call "Billy's Place". Another place to eat and spend your money.

Grayce McConnell may get married on June 30 to Thomas F. Jeary of Syracuse University. However, if parental permission is not forthcoming, she will open a studio for the proper teaching of Expression in Canton, Ohio.

Catherine Hart has her application in in several places for a teacher of commercial work—and she's hoping.

Nancy Cooke is going to make the students of Hasbrouck Heights (N. J.) High School do all the tricks she learned at Beaver, in the process of her teaching there next year.

Winona Burtch is the proud possessor of a position in an exclusive school in Tarrytown, New York.

Anne Brown wants to teach kindergarten in Harsdale, New York, but she doesn't know just yet whether or not she will do so.

Gertrude Clarke has added a very romantic item to the tale of coming successes. She is to marry Mr. Rutherford Teas of Philadelphia in the Episcopal Church of Jenkintown on June 7, 1929. After the wedding the bride and groom will start on an extended trip.

Dorothy Brevoort is going to put all her skill in Home Ec. at

the service of the young people of her vicinity by teaching in a grade school near her home.

Edith Darby is undecided. She'll take any good job in New York, and if one is not forthcoming, she may get married. In fact, though, she's not at all sure that marriage isn't the very thing she wants after all.

Eleanor Tafel is deserting Beaver for Drexel. This time she expects to take a graduate course in library work. What's the matter, Tafel, won't they let you be editor any more?

Gladis Wallgren is listed in the new catalogues as a teacher in the Expression department of Beaver.

Betty Welles is going to take a trip to California, and she may stay there all winter. However, when she returns, she will teach—maybe.

Katherine Downs, the well-known art student, is taking a graduate art course at Temple University next year.

Sally Fox is going touring in a car. She expects to get as far as the Pacific Coast where she will stay until Christmas. After that she will go to Florida and open a tea room in Miami or Palm Beach.

Mildred Graham is also planning a California trip, after which she will return to Linesville, and—here's a secret—she may return to Beaver next fall. If not—she will teach her townspeople how to manipulate a typewriter and decipher shorthand characters.

Charlotte Boutcher is rejoicing over the fact that Schwenksville High School needs her services as an instructor of Physical Education.

Pete Ried has found her position in the Physical Education world to be located at Lumberton, N. J., and expects to occupy that position next year.

And Regina Larson is going to teach either in the kindergarten or the grades of Perth Amboy school beginning next fall.

Alumnae Luncheon

Approximately 200 alumnae were present at the alumnae luncheon at Grey Towers on May 18. The oak paneled dining room was artistically decorated with lighted candles and spring bouquets.

Dr. Reaser, as the former presi-

dent of Beechwood, welcomed the alumnae back to Beaver. Dr. Greenway, president of Beaver College, spoke on the acquisition of Grey Towers and the future possibilities of the College.

Mrs. Harder was given a grey suede purse by the alumnae in appreciation of her assistance in making the luncheon a success.

If They Said What They Meant

"Members of the graduating class, faculty, friends, etc., I was asked to say a few words to this crowd of girls who are graduating in a few days, so I got out the Baccalaureate speech I've used every year since 1910, dusted it off, changed a few names and dates, and thought it over. But after considering that fact that it is about five thousand words long and takes fully two hours to give (including time out for eloquent gestures, pauses for effect, handclapping and polite laughter) I have decided to condense it to a few truthful statements.

"Of course you all know the old line about why graduations are called 'commencements'—it's because, although you are finishing school, you are just commencing life. You are being thrust out into the cold and cruel world to fight undreamed-of battles. And when I say fight I mean fight. You'll know what I mean, too, when you try to get a job in this land of competition, correspondence schools, and rotten politics. Believe me, it isn't all beer and skittles; But I'm not a Democratic candidate making a campaign speech against the Republican party, so we will let that drop right now.

"This is the place for me to give that inspiring piece of slush which goes—

"Greatly begin! though have time But for a line, be that sublime— Not failure, but low aim, is crime.' But you'll get a darn sight farther in this world if you take my advice—

"They say it aint no use to kick, It don't bring any peace, But the wheel that squeaks the loudest

Is the one that gets the grease!"

"Well, it's hot and I am twice as bored as you look, so we will get

Graduation! And the time of Goodbyes—some permanent and some only until Fall. Sorrow and joy, but then, that is Life and it is Life which has brought us all together.

The happiest days of our lives have swiftly sped. Why, it was but yesterday that we were Freshmen and walking down to Wyncote without signing out. We were Homesick then, but next year we will be Lonesome for Beaver. College is like surf bathing—the big wave comes up and the look of it scares you. It hits you, and, when you have accustomed yourself to its stinging roughness, it is surprisingly pleasant. You take your fill, wanting more and then you are left—with pleasant memories.

Now that we have thrown our metaphores at you for the last time, we want to thank you for your cooperation; and those of you who come back next year, help the Crier Staff; and those who do not return, think kindly of us.

Good-bye, Good Luck and God bless you.

Senior Dance

Tuesday, June 4 will be a red letter day for the seniors at Beaver College. Following the senior play "Smilin' Through" will be the Senior dance—which is to be a closed dance, by the way—at the Castle ballroom. The dance will begin at 10.30 p. m.

A very good college orchestra has been engaged for the occasion, one which plays at all the larger Eastern colleges. Miss Plummer, who is on the dance committee, assures us that it will be a "Wonderful affair." The other members on the committee are Isobel Winter, Helen Wenger, Marian Wasley and Katherine Hart.



Music Notes

Miss Hazel Whelan, pianist, assisted by Miss Marion Codner, soprano, gave their graduating recital in the auditorium Thursday evening, May 16. The program consisted of many well-known and well-liked compositions by Chopin, Bach, Beethoven and others. Miss Edna Mae Allen accompanied Miss Whelan on the organ for orchestral parts of her piano numbers. Miss Codner's feature was "My Heart At Thy Dear Voice" from "Samson and Delilah."

A last student public recital was given in the auditorium Monday evening, May 20. Piano, voice, violin and organ numbers were featured.

To finish the musical activities for the year at Beaver there was a commencement concert in the auditorium Monday evening, June 3. Students of all departments of music participated.

this over with as soon as possible. A few of you fair (and not so fair) damsels have bright visions of a career, but most of you just intend to get married. Let me give you this as a parting shot—there isn't a man living who would give two cents for your diplomas if you're this old and haven't learned how to make a decent cup of coffee!"

The Art Atmosphere

The annual Night in Bohemia was held in the studio Friday evening, and those who attended say that it was the best affair ever given by the Followship. Startling fortunes were told by mysterious looking gypsies, and at intervals in dancing to the radio, there was entertainment. Kay Downs and Nan Wise did the Apache dance without which no night would be really Bohemian. Puffy sang, Mary Anna Whitney did one of her famous clog dances, and Eleanor Welles and Alice Sack, talented freshmen, sang and recited. And of course there were eats; Eleanor Welles was responsible for those, and Janet Ellor for the effective decorations.

The annual exhibition of the work of the entire art department will be hung by June first, and every one is invited to visit the studio and look around or indulge in the great studio guessing game of trying to recognize the portraits. A new feature this year is the A. B. graduate "walls," groups of work by each fourth year Senior, selected and arranged by herself.

Competition is over at last, and now that the votes are counted and the rows and rows of charcoal drawings taken down, Charlotte Puff has won the first prize of ten dollars, and Kitty Beale the second prize of five dollars.

Benton Spruance, instructor of Interior Decoration, has won his second Cresson Scholarship at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

Track Meet

"Pete" Ried broke her own record for the baseball throw in last Thursday's track meet by throwing a distance of 18' 3". It was the only record broken during the afternoon, although Florence Hall came within a few seconds of breaking the school record in the preliminaries of the fifty yard dash. The final dash was won by Eloise Page who made it in seven seconds.

Ried also won first place in the shot put by throwing 28' 7". Florence Hays was second with 25' 4" and Joan Boose third with 24' 4". Florence Hall led in the running broad jump, with Elinor Krips second and Amy Swain third. In the standing broad jump Krips was more successful, winning by a record of 6' 11 1/4". Page was second with 6' 10" and Hall and Hartzell tied for third place, each jump ing 5'.

Ried's basketball training came in handy in the basketball throw, putting her first with a distance of 75' 5".

Both of the other two events were won by Elinor Krips, who made 27' 6" in the hop, step and jump and 3' 10" in the running high jump.

First place for the highest number of points went to Krips, second to Ried, and third to Page, but due to a controversy as to the eligibility of the candidates it was decided not to award a "foot" this year.

TENNIS FINALS

(Continued from Page 1)

last Thursday. Nance Cooke won her singles, as usual, in an exciting game which resulted in a score of 8-6, 6-1. Schwartz lost her singles 4-6, 5-7.

Cooke and Welles then played doubles and beat Drexel 6-4, 7-5. Schwartz and Nagle began their doubles but were interrupted by rain. When the game was resumed Cox was substituted for Schwartz and their match was also won, 6-4, 6-1.

Big Top Topics

Five o'clock and the old alarm clock, perched high up on a trunk in the sleeping car of the Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey circus proclaims to those concerned that it is time to be "up and off". In the corner bunk there is a stir of blankets from which gradually emerges a foot. A moment in which more rustling is involved and another foot appears from beneath the coverings. This time it is but a matter of seconds before the whole bed seems to rise high into the air and an object appears to greet the dawn—and what an object! Joe Webb, better known on the lot as Winigar, is one of those many boys who long for romance and adventure and often run away to join the circus and become an elephant trainer. He is a typical Westerner, from Texas, he says, very tall and very thin, his height topped off by a sparsely settled mat of sandy-red hair. A smile often finds its way to his face (the homeliest face God ever gave a man) and then we are able to see an added attraction. Winigar is minus a tooth—right in the front of the subway entrance which he affectionately refers to as a mouth. He claims, with many a wicked glance, that he lost it in a brawl out West and leads us to believe that it was one of those dance-hall affairs that one sees in the movies and is not supposed to speak about except in a whisper.

There now, you've had your introduction to Winigar; so perhaps you'll consider it perfectly proper if he lets you go through the day with him. First there's the ride on the street car from the North Philadelphia station, where the circus trains are located, to the lot on Erie avenue where the big tents throw out a challenge to the Philadelphia public. (You needn't worry about the price. Winigar assured me that the company paid the car-fares).

The sun is just beginning to climb into the heavens when you reach the lot. It is still very early but the grounds are alive with men carrying huge pails of water and foods of all sorts for the animals. Some, like Winigar, are carrying numerous loaves of bread to those burley beasts of the jungle, the elephants. Not only do the latter demand bread and water but also a brisk rub-down and perhaps a few setting up exercises before their trainer is allowed to go over to the mess tent and fill up on some of the many thousands of fish cakes and beans which are provided for that morning's meal. He tells you that there are fifteen hundred mouths to be fed three times a day, and here (as at Beaver) it is a case of "first come, first served."

Now that the elephants have finished their meal—for which it is necessary to get up at an early hour every day—Winigar will be free to show you around the lot. You will find that this is an ideal time for seeing the true circus life. The ropes are all down around the animal cages and you'll think it positively thrilling to pat a kangaroo, or irritate a mother monkey by playing with her little one. You'll be amused at the great apes (a new feature of the show this year), who look so dangerous at a distance but which remind you of little old men when you get right up close to them. Over at one end of the tent will be two huge tigers which will crouch down menacingly when you approach. They make you feel that they are sure to spring, and what if the cage would not withstand the shock of their bodies? Those bars do look sort of fragile! You will back nervously away, and then laugh as you discover that it is not you but two llamas, rolling in the dirt in back of you, that these African beauties are interested in. Nevertheless—oh, perhaps you'd better move on. They might get out you know. From cage to cage you will move as Winigar tells you the life history of the animals. After finishing the main animal tent he will take you, through rows and rows of gaily colored wagons, past the Ford which falls apart in the

middle of the ring and then jumps back into place again, past tents in which wildly painted women play with trick dogs, past a tent for the working horses and another for those which are part of the performance, past—well, just heaps and heaps of things which go toward making the circus such a treat. At last you will arrive at the habitation of Goliath. I won't need to explain to you who Goliath is, for you have seen him hundreds of times, riding around the circus ring as a good sea elephant should, and barking now and then for the fish which his trainer always has ready for him. Perhaps the latter will let you throw one of the slimy things into the water and then watch Goliath arch his back and go after it. There are so many things for Winigar to show you—and you will find your tour of inspection interrupted throughout the morning by female journalists who just must ride an elephant, or eat with the freaks, or perhaps date your Texan guide for the evening. Journalists are such queer people, aren't they—and such a nuisance!

Comes noon with a lunch of cracker-jack and hot dogs and then the afternoon performance. Winigar will now change to his natty uniform of tan and red, a lovely background for the missing tooth, and will leave to ride in the parade with his elephants. By this time you will feel that you have attached yourself to the circus and you will walk into the main performance just as though you had really paid the price of admission.

Five o'clock and the last loaf of bread and the last peanut will have found its way to the elephant's trunk. Winigar will be minus a brass button from his uniform (another of those mad souvenir hunters) the parrots will be screaming their heads off for no good reason at all—five o'clock and you will return to chapel with that urge for adventure succumbing to a new impetus—the circus.

Tomorrow's Silence

"Hey! Commere a minute!" Two eager dark eyes set deep in a man's white face looked through the bars at the three girls passing down the jail corridor some distance behind the warden and his noisy group of visitors. The girls turned. He might be a murderer, a train robber, someone held for manslaughter for all they knew, but he was handsome and his eyes were full of dreams, so they forgot the warden's solemn warning: "Don't talk to prisoners." The girl with the blonde hair even hesitated a second to powder her nose. You see, he was very handsome.

"What are you in here for?" she asked.

The dark eyes were pleading as though begging a pardon that the lips were afraid to ask. "I got caught in a riot. You read about it I guess. They nailed me up for robbery then. Been here since 1919. They gave me seventeen years."

One of the girls got out her handkerchief. "You must have been only a kid then. Oh—I don't see why they sent you up for so long. Just a little thing like taking something."

This time the dark eyes rested on the girl with the blonde hair. They seemed to caress the glinting sunshine of it. "You're about the first woman I've talked to for ten years." The eyes rested again on the girl's hair. "You're blonde aren't you? I always liked blondes." This time the fine lips smiled.

Suddenly the smile left those lips. They hardly seemed to open, but very distinctly the blonde heard them whisper through the grating. "You'd better hurry and go now. The warden's looking at you." Then—with his eyes still on her hair, "See you a year from now, outside."

Clear and crisp the warden's voice came to them. "That man back there with the dark eyes—the goodlookin' guy in cell number 10, he's Bud Harding. Sure has a past. They call him 'the man no jail can hold'." The light haired girl always wanted excitement and something different. She looked up through the cell window and saw

again that he was very handsome and his eyes were full of dreams. The warden's voice echoed back to her, "Yeah, he's got seven years to serve yet!" Quickly the girl stepped close to the grating. "I always did like brown eyes," she said and smiled.

This Tomorrow

Two souls in a white flame,
The sharp wind crying—
Two hearts and a red fire,
The sharp wind drearer—
Two minds thinking dull thoughts,
The blue fire dying—
And night and the sharp wind
Nearer and nearer—

You Never Can Tell

They sat together in the lobby of the Ritz—two elderly brokers with everything material definitely within their grasp. Men who knew success spelled with capital letters. One man sat very stiff and proper to all appearances, but a close observer saw that his eyes had the "right hand look." He knew pretty girls when he saw them and he was seeing them.

But not so his companion. He played a gay tattoo on the floor with the end of his cane and unconcernedly ruined a good Havana cigar by bumping it on the edge of an ash tray in time to the cane's tattoo. "Gee!" he said. His friend with "the right hand look" jumped. Imagine a fashionable broker saying "Gee—" "Gee! This cigar ash makes me think of the times when I used to sneak home late from dates and try to find the lamp chain very quietly. Remember when we used to come in together sometimes? And you'd stand by the door while I felt around for the thing. It used to be so black, seemed as though the darkness would clutch at me reaching for that chain that was never quite there. Then my elbow would get a crack from the piano corner. Remember that sharp corner? No piano had such sharp corners as that one. Next thing I'd know my hands would be in some kind of stuff and I'd know I was on the right track. That lamp always sat next to Father's ash tray. But that rocking chair **** Remember that rocking chair? Never failed to jab me in the ankle and fairly throw me on the lamp."

They sat together in the lobby of the Ritz—two elderly brokers who seemed to know success spelled with capital letters. But the one with the cane was saying, "Gee! When I put my hand into the cigar ashes, I knew the lamp chain came next. And when I finally grabbed it—Say! Then I knew what success really meant!"

A New Goliath

Circuses are all right if you like the crunch of sawdust, like to look at elephants, tigers, horses, and like to punish your stomach with pop corn and peanuts. If you get a thrill out of fondling some dear animal's nose, just love the animal smell and really don't mind at all getting all messed up—you and the circus will hit it off just great!

You know, I don't exactly mind admiring Mr. Zebra or appreciating the stupendous physique of Mr. Elephant, but I like them from a distance. After all, animals, like pictures or even faces, are much more attractive if one keeps himself a comfortable distance from them. At least, their pierced ears, freckles, moles and porous skins and other ailments to which animals are heir to, as well as we humans, are hidden from view. And imagine taking a dislike to Mr. Goliath because he had a wart on his nose.

This Goliath person is really the most attractive animal in the circus. He's the largest sea-elephant in captivity. Really, when his big, soulful, fushia-colored eyes gaze upon you, you fall—hook, sinker and all! And he is even now so strong and protecting, with his seven thousand pounds distributed over his frame of seventeen feet long. But his wife would have to be so attentive to his meals. Even though he only requires five hun-

dred pounds of fish a day—and her-rings at that, still, it would keep her stepping preparing the fish. And, he, only a mere lad of ten tender years!

"Golly" played hookey one day three years ago because he just couldn't stand that "Math" prof. Well, we all know what happens to boys who play hookey—and Golly was no exception. At that time, some men were fishing in the South Anartic region, Goliath's home town and were struck by his extraordinary beauty. They fell,—only they held on to their nets. Golly was never so furious in his whole seven years of existence. Well, he'd show them. He absolutely refused to eat a solitary morsel for fourteen months. But gosh, they didn't seem to be sorry for him at all, and say—a fellow's got to eat, and, with those live fish looking so tempting, Goliath broke his fast. But he was determined to make them pay dearly. He realized that live fish cost a dollar a pound and five hundred dollars a day was no cheap proposition. You never can tell. Maybe they'd ship him back to his darling mother if he proved too expensive to keep. But no, here it was seventeen months since that fatal day and they still fed him live fish.

But alack and alas! The next day they tossed him dead fish—herrings to be specific. Should he go on a diet again? No, he'd better not. His weight was just right and he daren't lose a single pound. The girls might high hat him. And after all, his trainer, Emil Warncke, was rather decent showing him off in the Carl Hegenberg Zoo in Hamburg,—where everybody showered him with praises. And now he had arrived. He was in that famous Barnum and Bailey Circus—where thousands upon thousands gazed at him. An what pretty girls there were!

"Say, Mr. Warncke, throw me a fish and let me show these fair damsels what a world beater of a football player I could be."

No, Goliath isn't homesick any more. He likes the crowds, the laudations, the attention and as for the kids—he'd like to coach them about this hookey business.

She Was Late

"Goodbye, Georgiana. It won't be long until June now, and you'll be home for all summer. Good-bye, dear, and write to us as soon as you arrive at school." The train pulled out and Mother and Little Brother went slowly up the hill from the station.

That night Mother sat by the telephone waiting for the telegram that didn't come. Of course, she had told Georgiana to write, but then she always telegraphed before. Oh well, there was no need of worrying over the girl; she was old enough to take care of herself. She would write tomorrow no doubt. But tomorrow came and the only wire that came was one from the school asking why Georgiana had not returned, and then began two days of worry that resulted in near-nervous breakdowns, and hysterical fits, until on the third day a telegram from both the school and the daughter came, which announced the prodigal's safe return. Then her mother collapsed, and was too ill to read the letter of explanation which came in the next mail, and so I, as the nurse hired to care for the prostrate woman, heard the whole letter and later managed to copy it, so that what follows is in the girl's exact words.

April 8, 1929.

Dearest Mother.

I'm so sorry that you are ill and have been so worried about me. You shouldn't worry so, dear, because I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself. But I just know you are dying to hear what happened, so here goes.

In the first place, you know that the man in the ticket office told us that the train was a through train, and when we asked him very carefully he said that I wouldn't have to change at all. So when I left Thursday night, I went right to

(Continued on Page 4)

Up and Down the Campus

Graduation, time of tears and gladness. What will you remember of the old place?

Perhaps you'll think of the time our recent English professor wandered into Sociology class looking for his text book and said, rather pleadingly, to Pinky Pinkus, seated on the front row, "Do you know what I did with my drama book?"

Or will you think of Sociology and some of the marvelously irrelevant answers that are given. "Do you think the child accomplishes more with the teacher present or with him absent?"

"Yes, Dr. Kaufman I agree with that statement."

Or Logic class where our vanity is given such a sad blow. "Beaver girls are dumb". "You witnits."

Or Philosophy class. "Do you get it, Jarrett got it. She opened her mouth that wide and took it in."

Perhaps Spanish will figure prominently among your souvenirs. "I got you all mixed up on the verbs and nouns so you will know what is what tomorrow." "Aren't you sorry that you didn't study at the beginning of the year?"

Maybe French will hang upon your memory. "I'd like to see your papers. Where is yours?" "Oh, we sort of did it together." "Well, use carbon paper next time. You can get two, three or four copies then."

And if we don't recall a few of the class room scenes maybe this will be familiar.

"It is stated that you were noisy at 9.30 last night."

"Three days campus."

"Thank you."

The Little Sermon

Life is very KIND
to all you youngsters
She does not REVEAL her
secrets
but lets you get your KICKS
gradually.
She does not betray her FAVORITE children
but lets them think that
THEY
obtained their fortunes by
THEMSELVES.
So—children—be ready
Take what's coming to you
with a SMILE
Take what LIFE gives you
never saying that it's not the
BEST
show life that you are
worthy
of just LIVING
if she kicks—SMILE
and say—you're GLAD you
got it
instead of some poor fellow
who hasn't got the heart to
stand it.
If fortune favors you
don't be DOWNHEARTED
because you have been
chosen
to be TOO happy and TOO
contented
just GRIN and bear it.
Try to help your BROTHER
less fortunate, and less content
Maybe SOME DAY
everyone will be JUST CONTENT ENOUGH
JUST HAPPY ENOUGH
I thank you and adieu

Peter Knox.

SHE WAS LATE

(Continued from Page 3)

bed because I was very tired, and I went to sleep. I noticed that there didn't seem to be anyone else in the car, but that seemed perfectly all right because it was early and others would get on later. Well, anyway, I went to sleep, and when I woke up during the night, the train always seemed to be standing still, but I thought we had just pulled into a station

and that the jolt of stopping had wakened me.

Well, next morning when I got up, I looked all over the car and there wasn't another person in sight. Also, the train was standing still, and the scenery showed me that we were somewhere in the mountains. I went into the dressing-room and got my first surprise when I couldn't get any hot water, and my second when I rang for a porter who wouldn't show up. Then when the train just wouldn't start, I went to look out and found all the doors locked! Believe me I was scared—not frightened but common, ordinary scared.

I tried the windows but they were all double bolted and I couldn't get out that way. I banged on the doors and screamed and shouted at the top of my lungs, but it didn't do any good. But it did make me tired, and I finally lay down and went to sleep. When I awoke, it was evening and I was hungry. I remembered the cake you had made for the girls so I fished it out of the suitcase and ate some of it. Fortunately there was some water in the cooler so I had something to drink.

But it was awfully dark in the car at night and all I could do was to lie awake in the berth and imagine all sorts of terrible things like dying of starvation and being discovered years later a fleshless corpse lying in an old deserted sleeping-car. But I finally went to sleep and woke up some time the next day. My watch had stopped. I had forgotten to wind it. I ate some more of the cake and drank some more water and then played solitaire and walked up and down the aisle screaming, alternating the procedure all day. At last, just when it was getting very dark again, an engine came along and hitched onto the car. At first no one paid any attention to my yells, but finally one man came back and saw me and yelled "My God, there's a girl in here!" and then they all came in and asked me all kinds of questions, and gave me some of their lunches to eat. I swear I never properly appreciated ham sandwiches and luke-warm coffee. It's divine!

Well, anyway, they took me back to civilization—to North Philadelphia to be exact—and from there I took the train to school and found that I was three days late. I worried awfully about you, Mother, when I wasn't too busy worrying about myself, but really, I'm awfully glad to be back here safe, and not sitting somewhere in the Allegheny Mountains alone in a sleeping-car.

And just think—all the while I was on a siding four miles from Tyrone! Can you imagine anything so absurd—unhitching the last car of a through train, when I was in the last car?

At least, I found out what it means to be alone and helpless, and oh, I'm so glad to be back.

All my love,
GEORGINA.

Club Notes

The new members of the Chemistry Club took the old members to a theatre at Glenside on Wednesday, May 15, and after the movie treated them to refreshments.

The New York-New Jersey Club gave a cabaret on Friday, May 17, in the Gym. A dance orchestra of five came from Villa Nova to furnish the dance music. Several acts were given by members of the Club: Helen Lintz sang and danced, Sis Beaman sang; Mildred Lanzara and Tommy Thomas danced a tango; and Helen Traubman sang. Refreshments were served after the acts. A large crowd attended.

BEAVER GRADUATES

(Continued from Page 1)

Eunice Webb, Haledon, N. Y.; Elaine Wagener, Madison, N. J.; Elizabeth Cartledge Welles, Ridge-wood, N. J.; Helen Mae Wenger, Chambersburg, Pa.; Hazel Estelle Whelan, West Hartford, Conn.; Isabelle Mason Winter, Lock Haven, Pa.; Nana Belle Wise, Cincinnati, Ohio; Estelle Francisco Wolf, Glenside, Pa., and Marian Elizabeth Wolf, Mount Carmel, Pa.

Junior College Diplomas—Charlotte Irene Ament, Turtle Creek, Pa.; Jessie Marian Anderson, Beaver, Pa.; Eleanor King Annett, Newark, N. J.; Eleanor Grace Askey, New York City; Ruth Wilma Bahrenburg, Trenton, N. J.; Frances Carleton Ballard, Churchland, Va.; Josephine Martin Burgoyne, East Orange, N. J.; Marie Elizabeth Carl, Cumberland, Md.; Mildred Hilda Carpenter, Scranton, Pa.; Kathryn Roberta Clarke, New Britain, Conn.; Gloria Jones Clauss, Wyncote, Pa.; Ruth Low Connolly, Plymouth, Pa.; Ruth Carolina Cornehlson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Kath-erine de Noyelles, Haverstraw, N. Y.; Dorothy Frances Edwards, Greensburg, Pa.; Betty Anne Evans, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Margaret Elizabeth Flory, Columbus, Ohio; Edith Loreen Goodwin, Welland, Ontario; Mildred Althea Graham, Linesville, Pa.; Julia Hor-nor Griscom, Mt. Holly, N. J.; Betty Harris, Johnstown, Pa.; Mary Appel Hartzell, Allentown, Pa.; James Walton Hayes, Scranton, Pa.; Gertrude Elizabeth Jones, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Ruth Marie Jones, Philadelphia; Julia Juise Jost, Bayonne, N. J.; Mary Agnes Kane, Deep River, Conn.; Evelyn Marie Kinstler, Philadelphia, Pa.; Hazel Geraldine Kough, Windber, Pa.; Helen Louise Leidy, Glenside, Pa.; Ruth Ellen Lewis, Newton Center, Mass.; Helen Muriel Linz, Great Neck, N. Y.; Grace Leah Clarke McConnell, East Liverpool, Ohio; Marjorie Secord Maisch, New Rochelle, New York; Marjorie Murray, Plattsburg, N. Y.; Elise Olga Olsen, Upper Montclair, N. J.; Dolly Sophia Oswald, Perkassie, Pa.; Margaret Stewart Alexander Pate, New Bedford, Mass.; Florence Louise Perry, East Orange, N. J.; Marie Elizabeth Rainbow, Buffalo, N. Y.; Ruth Esther Wheeler Richardson, Chatham, N. Y.; Mildred Kencht Roedel, Perkassie, Pa.; Ida Helen Rubin, Englewood, N. J.; Mabelle Irene Scott, Washington, Pa.; Arline Georgia Shar-ping, Endicott, N. Y.; Marjorie Baker Shepherd, Gloversville, N. Y.; Marian Augusta Schultz, Philadelphia; Elizabeth Alma Smith, Sandusky, Ohio; Doris Virginia Stone, Little Falls, N. Y.; Dorothy Galbraith Stover, Butler, Pa.; Doris Eloise Strole, Hagerstown, Md.; Adelaide Taylor, Quincy, Mass.; Harriet Temple Thompson, Bluefield, W. Va.; Ireta Joy Wat-son, Tunnelton, W. Va.; Gretchen Elizabeth Weis, Sandusky, Ohio, and Mary Ann Whitman, Philadelphia.

Candidates for Three-Year Diplomas—Charlotte Shelmire Bout-cher, Jenkintown, Pa.; Hazel Frances Dalton, Perth Amboy, N. J.; Marie Brakeley Downs, Bethlehem, Pa.; Fay Editha Littley, Jersey Shore, Pa.; Phyllis Janet Losee, Dobbs' Ferry, N. Y.; Leonore Car-lone McCloskey, Branchville, N. J.; Dorothy Julia Pedrick, Pedricks-town, N. J.; Alice Rutledge, Johnstown, Pa.; Dorothy Pauline Wuch-ter, Allentown, Pa.; Janet Amelia Smith, Tyrone, Pa.; Elizabeth Mil-ler Summerill, Penns' Grove, N. J.

For Beechwood Hill School Diplomas—Katherine Dougherty Beale, Jenkintown, Pa.; Grace Bowker, Medford, N. J., and Estelle Mae Puff, Jenkintown, Pa.

"THE ROMANCE OF RAYON"

"The Romance of Rayon" was the picture shown in the auditorium on Tuesday under the auspices of the Chemistry Club. The history of the artificial silk from beginning to end was given. First a paper is made out of spruce wood pulp; this is torn up in machines, is put into a chemical substance, and re-appears as a silk fibre, which is wound into balls by machine. The thread is woven into all sorts of garments. Rayon, however, will never take the place of real silk, as it is not as lasting.

We Nominate For Our Hall of Fame

GREY TOWERS

Because it is as beautiful INSIDE as it is OUT

(Very few animate objects can claim that tribute:)

Because it is now part of OUR COLLEGE.

Because everyone who SEES it—LOVES it—even the ALUMNAE.

Because the GROUNDS live up to the BUILDING in their splendor.

And LASTLY—can you picture it next winter lying in the soft white blankets of snow, winking many lights from its eyes of windows, even to the tip-top room, an institute of learning, silent and stern, yet tolerating snow—as it does Youth in its solemn halls.

Public Opinion

We don't want to be disagreeable and crabby, but we would like to make a little suggestion. The girls from the outside houses, and from the New Dormitory, too, who come in from late permission, seem to forget that other people are sleeping—or at least trying to. Of course they're tired, and we sympathize with that—but that's no reason why they should walk like the Charge of the Light Brigade! And they might remember—even if he did have beautiful blue eyes, that it is never according to Hoyle to let a door slam shut. And you know what the one is like down near the post office in the New Dorm. It's right across from the infirmary, too. And so we ask you, in a sweet tone of voice, to please be a little more like the proverbial mouse—next year!

JOKES

Small boy: "What is college bred, pop?"

Pop (with son in college): "They make college bred, my son, from the flour of youth and the dough of old age."

* * *

"Say, Sandy, why did you have only one of your twins photographed?"

"They looked so much alike, it was no use to spend the money getting pictures of both."

* * *

"Do you mind if I smoke?"

"I don't give a darn if you burst into flames."

* * *

Lady (to trusty): "Are you sure you have time to show me through the penitentiary?"

Trusty: "Yes, madam. I have 99 years."

* * *

"Now," said the professor in chemistry, "under what combination is gold most quickly released?"

"I know," said the student. "Marriage."

* * *

First Cannibal: "Too late for dinner?"

Second Cannibal: "Yes. Everybody's eaten."

* * *

Pete has been suffering with a cold lately, so the other day he went to a druggist for some cough drops.

"I'm out of cough drops," said the druggist, "but why not try some menthol?"

"Oh, I'm alright mentholly," replied our Pete.

* * *

"What is the orchestra playing now?"

"Go Feather Your Nest."

"Aw, go jump in a lake; I asked you a sensible question."

* * *

She was only a photographer's daughter, but she was as pretty as a picture, well developed, but a trifle over-exposed.